SHADOWS ALL.

Shadows all!
Ghosts of buried yesterdays,
Echoes of forgotten lays,
Love that walks in sunny ways,
Through life's somber pall;
Dreams of gladness yet to be,
Songs of summer leaves and sea,
Music, too, o'er land and lea,
Shadows all!

Shadows all!
Thoughts of trouble, time and years,
Hopes of mirth and pain of tears,
Anguish of unfounded fears,
That forever call;
Waves of sorrow, tides of sin,
Jester's prank, or laughter's din,
Fame that we are yet to win,
Shadows all!

Shadows all!
Life and death and leaf of spring,
Bud and flower and grave of king,
Poet's song of wounded wing,
Notes of birds that fall:
Fear of future, dread of past,
Hate of peasant, pride of caste,
These, that neither fade nor last,
Shadows all!

—*Claude G. Whelstone.*

A JAPANESE DINNER.

The dinner was given at the Koyokan, a club-house in the city of Tokio, so called from the abundance of maple trees by which it is surrounded; koyo meaning the red maple leaves of autumn, and kan meaning house.

We took off our shoes at the door, and those who had not been sufficiently provident to bring with them a pair of wool slippers, entered in their stocking feet.

We were at once greeted by our host and hostess. Japanese ladies do not often act the hostess at a dinner party, but usually remain in the background. Our friend, however, having traveled considerably in America and Europe, was a little advanced in his ideas and gave his wife a wife's place.

Several beautiful Japanese girls were in waiting, who at once conducted us to a spacious dining room on the second floor.

Going out on the piazza adjoining, we saw in the distance the bay with its calm blue waters, and white-winged boats; and to the right Mount Fugi, her peerless head losing itself in ambient clouds; while at our feet lay a bewildering maze of dwelling houses, shops and temples.

The floor of the porch was polished smooth as marble, and the patterns in the lattice work were graceful combinations of maple leaves.

As we re-entered the dining-room our first impression was that of a vast empty apartment. The only visible signs of preparation for our coming were the cushions upon which we were to sit, and the hibachi or fire bowls, over which we were to toast our fingers. We sat down upon the mats, trying hard to fold our limbs under us a la Japanese, but our attempts were for the most part very awkward.

Then came some introductions. Our host had invited two friends to meet us, Mr. and Mrs. Suyita. Mr. Suyita, being a Japanese of the old school and very ceremonious, bowed low, so low that his honorable nose quite kissed the floor: and remembering that when we are in Turkey we must do as the Turkeys do, we endeavored to salute him in the same formal manner.

At length recovering our equilibrium we resumed our old position on the mats, tried to look comfortable, and began to study the details of our surroundings. The cushions upon which we sat were covered with beautiful dark-blue crepe relieved here and there by branches of maple leaves, the rich October coloring making a striking but exquisite contrast with the more somber background. The mats were marvelously fine, and so clean that one might suppose our party the first that had ever assembled there.

At one end of the room just above the toko noma, or raised platform on which all the ornaments of the room are placed, was a kakemono, or picture scroll, the work of a celebrated painter named Isanenobu, and very old. On this platform stood a large vase of brown wicker work so wondrously fine that at a little distance it appeared like an elegant bronze. In this vase were branches of flowering plum and cherry arranged as only Japanese know how to arrange flowers. The ceilings were panels of cryptomeria, and without either paint or varnish were beautiful enough for a prince's palace.

This immense room was divided by sliding doors into three apartments. The doors were covered with paper. Here, too, was the prevailing pattern, for over the rich brown background of the paper were maple-leaf designs in gold and silver, and above the doors were paintings of maple branches with foliage of scarlet, maroon, and every shade of green. On the opposite side of the room was another raised platform. Here also were two large vases, and in them branches of flowering shrubs, some of which were covered with lichens. A bronze ornament of rare workmanship stood between, for which many a seeker of curiosities would give hundreds of dollars.

Soon beautiful serving maids entered and placed in front of us trays on which were tea and sweet-meats. In Japan the dessert comes first. The trays were ornamented with carvings of maple leaves, the tea cups were painted in the same design, and the cakes themselves were in the shape of maple leaves, with tints as glowing, and shading almost as delicate as though painted by the early frosts of autumn. We ate some of the cakes and put some in our pockets to carry home. It is etiquette in Japan to take away a little of the confectionery, and paper is often provided by the hostess in which to wrap it. The native guests put their packages in their sleeves, but our sleeves were not sufficiently capacious to be utilized in this way. I have been told that at foreign dinners given to General Grant in Japan, some of the most dignified officials, in obedience to this custom, put bread and cake, and even butter and jelly, into their sleeves to take home.

After our first course came a long interval during which we played games and amused ourselves in various ways. At the end of this time dinner was announced. Once more we took our places on the cushions and silently waited, wondering what would happen next. Soon the charming waiters again appeared and placed on the floor in front of each visitor a beautiful gold lacquer tray, on which was a covered bowl of fish soup, and a tiny cup of sake. Sake is a light wine distilled from rice, and is of about the strength of table cherry. A paper bag containing a pair of chop sticks also rested upon the tray; and taking the chopsticks out, we uncovered our soup and began to look around to see how our Japanese friends were eating theirs. We slyly watched them for a moment. It looked easy: we were sure we could do it, and confidently attempted to toke up some of the floating morsels of fish: but no sooner did we touch them, than they coyly floated off to the other side of the bowl. We tried again, and again we failed; and once again, but with no better success. At last our perseverance was partially rewarded, and with a veni-vidi-vici air we conveyed a few solid fragments to our mouths, drank a little of the soup, and then covering our bowl, as we saw others do, we waited for something else to happen.

In the meantime large china vessels of hot water had been brought in and our host kindly showed us their use. Emptying his sake cup, he rinsed it in the hot water, and then refilling it with wine, presented it to a friend, who emptied his cup, rinsed and refilled it in the same way, and gave it in exchange for the one he received.

The next course consisted of fish, cakes made of chestnuts, and yams; the third, of raw fish with a very pungent sauce; the fourth, of another kind of fish and ginger root. After this we were favored with music on the ningekin. This is a harp-like instrument giving forth a low wierd sound, utterly unlike anything I have ever heard called music. The fifth course consisted of fish, ginger root, and "nori," a kind of seaweed.

After this we had more music, this time on the koto. The koto is also something like a harp in appearance. The performer always wears curious ivory thimble-like arrangements on the tips of her fingers, and to my uneducated ear, the so-called music is merely a noise which any one could make. We were next favored with singing. This, too, was low and plaintive, bearing about the same resemblance to the singing of a European that the cornstalk fiddle of a country schoolboy bears to the rich mellow tones of a choice violin. This same singing, however, is regarded as a great accomplishment in Japan. The singer on this occasion was a rare type of Japanese beauty, fair as a lily, with hands and feet so delicate and shapely that she was almost an object of envy. Her coiffure, like the coiffures of all Japanese women, was fearfully and wonderfully made. Her dress was of the richest crepe, quite long and very narrow, opening in front to display a gorgeous petticoat, and with square flowing sleeves that reached almost to the floor. Her obi, or girdle, was brocade stiff with elegance, and probably cost more than all the rest of the costume. The mysteries of the voluminous knot in which it was tied in the back I did not pretend to unravel. Her face and neck were powdered to ghostly whiteness, and her lips painted a bright coral; altogether she looked just like a picture, not like a real woman at all.

After this came another course consisting of fowl and fish stewed together in some incomprehensible way. There was also an entree of pickled fish. The eighth course consisted of fish and a vegetable similar to asparagus; the ninth of rice and pickled daikon. Rice is the staple dish, and, according to Japanese custom, is served last. The daikon is a vegetable somewhat resembling a radish. It grows to an enormous size. Indeed it is a common saying among vegetable growers that one daikon grown in the province of Owari, takes two men to carry it, and that two Satsuma turnips make a load for a pony. This sounds somewhat incredible, and yet it is stated for a fact that a daikon was not long ago presented to the emperor which measured over six feet in girth. These monster turnips are generally sound to the core; and to the Japanese they are an exceeding delicate and palatable ailment; with us the odor of them alone is sufficient to condemn them.

Last of all came tea, which was served in the rice bowls without washing them. The dinner lasted four hours; and when at the close we attempted to rise from the mats, our limbs were so stiff from sitting too long in this uncomfortable position that we could hardly move.

We put on our shoes soon after, and were then conducted round the grounds. In the same enclosure was a summer rest-house for the mikado. We looked inside for the shoji, or sliding doors, were all open, and we could see the whole length of the house. Here, as in all Japanese houses, the mats were the only furniture. They were beautifully fine, and the rooms though empty were attractive.

After walking about for a little while we went through a long calisthenic exercise of bows, and with warmest thanks to our kind host and hostess, stowed ourselves away in jinrikishas, and rode off to our homes.

This of course is not a description of an ordinary dinner in Japan. Indeed it was a very extraordinary one given in honor of a party of Americans about to return to the United States. The common people dine with very little formality. Bread, beef, milk and butter are unknown to them. They live principally on rice, fish, and vegetables, served in very simple fashion; and they eat so rapidly that dyspepsia is even more common in Japan than in America.—*M. J. Holbrook, in Wide Awake.*

The Delights of Hanging.

The Detroit *Tribune* says that "people who have been conscientiously opposed to capital punishment by hanging because of the needless suffering it was supposed to entail upon the victim of the law's vengeance, will doubtless find their convictions on the subject considerably shaken if they read the extensively published descriptions of an experiment made by a corrageous English investigator.

"This delver into the curious phases of existence had long been possessed of a desire to realize the sensations produced by hanging. He induced some sympathetic friends to assist him in his laudable experimentation, and accordingly he was strung up to a convenient rafter in a barn with a regulation hangman's noose about his neck.

"The sensations that followed he describes ecstatic and pleasurable in the extreme. He fancied he was buoyantly floating without exertion upon a sea of oil, tinted with all the radiant colors of the rainbow. He saw in a transport of indescribable delight that the new world to which he had been transported was "more beautiful than a poet's dream." A lovely island of glorious emerald color rose from out the bosom of the oleaginous sea, from which came a burst of the most delicious harmony—music of the divinest sweetness. As he approached the shore troops of beautiful female beings came joyously down to meet him on the golden strands. Then he opened his eyes and found his co-investigators vigorously engaged in pounding him in the back, bouncing him up and down on the hard floor, and otherwise endeavoring to lure him back to the prosaic details of mundane existence. That he was somewhat annoyed at being so hastily summoned from his oily bath and the companionship of the island beauties has no influence upon the sociological value of the case. The experiment was made and the fact fully established that there is nothing in life half so enjoyable as being thoroughly hung."

BURIED ALIVE.

Some Horrible Instances of Premature Interment.

That those supposed to be dead are often only in trance-like conditions is evidenced by the numerous cases of recovery from apparent death on record. The following instances of the dangers of supposed death are related at random from a note-book. Some of these cases may be found in Walker and Chadwick's works on sepulture; others in various French and German periodicals:

"Cardinal Somaglia was seized with a severe illness from extreme grief. He fell into a state of syncope, which lasted so long that the persons around thought him dead. Preparations were made to embalm the body. The embalmer had scarcely penetrated into the cardinal's chest when the heart was seen to beat. The unfortunate patient who was returning to his senses at the moment had still sufficient strength to push away the knife of the surgeon, but too late, for the lung had been mortally wounded, and the patient died in a most lamentable manner."

"Mr. B., of Poitiers, fell suddenly into a state resembling death. Every means for bringing him back to life was used without interruption. His two little fingers were dislocated, and the soles of his feet were burnt; but, as none of these procedures seemed to produce any effect, they were on the point of placing him in a coffin, when some one recommended bleeding from the arms and feet, and he, to the great astonishment of all, recovered from his apparent state of death, and declared that he had heard every word that had been said, and that his only fear was that he would be buried alive."

"A frightful case of premature interment occurred not long since at Tonneins, in the lower Garonne. The victim, a man in the prime of life, had only a few shovelfuls of dirt thrown in his grave, when an indistinct noise was heard to proceed from his coffin. The gravedigger, terrified beyond description, instantly fled to seek assistance, and some time elapsed before his return. A crowd collected in considerable numbers around the grave and insisted on the coffin being opened. As soon as the lid was removed it was ascertained beyond a doubt that the occupant had been interred alive. His countenance was frightfully contracted with the agony he had undergone; and, in his struggles, the unhappy man had forced his arms completely out of the winding sheet in which they had been securely enveloped. A physician was on the spot and opened a vein. No blood followed. The sufferer from inhumation was beyond the reach of medical art."

"In October, 1837, Mr. Dechamps, an inhabitant of Lyons, France, died at the end of a short indisposition. His obsequies were ordered for the next day. When the coffin lid was about to be nailed down at the funeral the corpse sat upright in its shroud and asked for something to eat. The persons present were about to run away in terror, as from a phantom, but were reassured by Dechamps himself, who had happily recovered from his legargic sleep. Due care was bestowed on him, and he lived. After his recovery he stated that he had heard all that passed around him without being able to make any movement or give any expression to his sensations."

"A midwife of the commune of Paulhan, France, was believed to be dead, and was put in a coffin. At the end of twenty-four hours she was carried to the church, and from thence to the cemetery. But during its progress the bearers felt some movement in the coffin, when they found the unfortunate woman alive. She had merely fallen into a legargy. She was carried back to her home, but in consequence of the shock she received, only survived the horrible accident a few days."

"At Bergerac, on the 27th of December, 1842, a man who suffered from continual want of sleep took a potion prescribed by a physician; the patient slept so soundly that he could not be wakened, which caused so much anxiety that he was bled, the blood flowing feebly drop by drop. Finally he was declared to be dead. At the expiration of a few days the potion given to the gentleman was remembered, and an uneasy suspicion being entertained that the medicine might have caused apparent death, led the family to exhume the body. When the coffin was opened the horrible fact was apparent to all present. His distorted limbs showed how powerful had been his struggle. He had turned around in his coffin and suffered long."

"Madam D., Rue Saint Jean, Caen, France, appeared to expire after a long illness on the 17th of February, 1843. The last functions of preparing the body for the tomb were performed during the night. On Thursday morning the coffin was brought in, and as the two undertakers were placing the corpse in, it awoke from a profound lethargy. Madam is now in a state of health which leaves little to hope."

Dr. Gordon Smith, in his book on "Forensic Medicine," states: "I was an eye-witness of an instance in a celebrated city on the continent where a poor woman, yet alive, was solemnly ushered to the margin of the grave in broad day, and whose interment would undoubtedly have occured save for the interposition of bystanders."

The daughter of Henry Laurens, first president of the American Congress, when an infant was laid out as dead. When the window of the room was opened for ventilation the fresh air revived the supposed corpse and restored her to her family. This produced such a profound impression on Laurens that he made a will, in which he implored his children to cremate his body as a solemn duty, so great was his dread of a living interment.

In 1868, Martin Strong, of Twelfth street, Philadelphia, was put in a coffin for burial upon the death certificate of Dr. Cumming. Mr. Strong still lives, but made a narrow escape.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Watery Wonders of Utah.

There is in the extreme north of Utah a magnificent subterranean reservoir of first-class soda water, bubbling and effervescing out of the ground in such quantities that all America might be supplied. In the extreme south, on the road to Orderville, is an exquisite circular lakelet that is always just full to the brim with water as clear and as green as beryl. And wherever the water overflows the lake's edge it encrusts the ground and the grass and the fallen leaves upon it with a fine coating of limestone, so that the brim is growing higher and higher with the imperceptible but certain growth of a coral reef, and in the course of generations the lake will become a concreted basin.

Compresses wet with a decoction of thirty parts of valerian root and 100 parts of water are used by a French surgeon in dressing wounds. It hastens the healing, relieves the pain, and is especially valuable in deep-seated wounds.

AN IMMENSE BAKERY.

How the Staff of Life is Made in a Big Establishment.

A New York *World* reporter who has been through an immense Brooklyn bakery—the largest in the city—says: Here bread is turned out by the ten thousand loaves and enough is made daily to supply the wants of many a thriving village. The proprietor of the bakery was kind enough to conduct the reporter all through the various departments and explain the whole process of bread making, from the time the barrels of flour are rolled in and hoisted by elevators to the loft to the hour when the bread is delivered to the retail stores all over the city.

The two upper floors are used for the storage of the flour. They will hold about 30,000 barrels and are piled in great tiers and taken down again at the rate of 300 barrels a day to be worked up into bread. The lower floor is used for the delivery of the finished product. In one part is a blacksmith's shop for the repair of the wagons and harnesses and the making of horseshoes. The stable for the horses occupies the half of another block a few hundred feet away. In order to make the business lucrative the scale on which the work is done being so large that the margin of profit is very small, it must be as self-sustaining as possible. Hence the firm has its own stables, its own wagons and its own repair shops. In fact nearly everything is done by the establishment except the growing of the wheat and the grinding of the flour. That is bought already in barrels as it comes from the West.

The lower floor was covered with little carts on wheels to transfer the boxes of fresh-made loaves from one part of the building to another. There is about an acre and a half of ground under roof and every inch is economized. One little room is used for the sale of bread returned from the retail bakeries, a sign conspicuously posted stating that "no returned bread more than one day old will be allowed for." That which is less than one day old is taken back at full rates and sold in the little room at half price. Crowds of people from the neighboring tenement houses were squeezing in to purchase the rejected bread. This was being emptied from the large crates 4 feet by 2 and about 2½ feet deep and rapidly transferred to barrels, whence it was sold over the counter.

In the basement all the preliminary processes of mixing and kneading are carried on, while around under the sidewalks are the immense ovens. The flour is first poured into great mixing pans, six barrels at a time. The pans are of iron, about eight feet in diameter and four feet deep. Two bent bars of iron, V-shaped and connected with machinery that rises in a cylinder in the center of the pan, serve to mix the dough. They are moved in a peculiar manner up and down and through every part of the pasty mixture, thoroughly commingling all its components.

The yeast is made in a small room and transferred to large cullenders, where a little salt and milk and water is added in varying proportions according to the style of bread desired. Then it is shaken up with a little flour and finally squeezed by hand through the holes in the bottom of the cullender into the mixing pans. Then the machinery is started, the great iron bars begin to revolve, and the pasty mass is stirred for a little while until it attains the proper consistency. In this manner six barrels of flour can be made up into dough in from twelve to fourteen minutes. The flour is emptied from the barrels into bins on the floors above and falls through wooden shutes into the pans beneath.

After the dough is properly mixed the machinery is stopped and the two strong kneaders who stand by begin to punch and mold the dough into round masses about three feet in diameter. It then sticks together pretty firmly, like a large lump of molasses candy. Then with a jerk the men lift the ball of dough and throw it into a large trough standing near by. These troughs are exactly like wooden washtubs on wheels. The dough is thrown in, ball after ball, until the trough is full. It sinks down and coalesces into one mass even with the top of the tub. There it stands until "proved," about four or five hours. The weather has much to do with the process. In cold weather warm water is used to mix the dough and in hot summer seasons ice-water must be employed.

The kneading rooms are about a hundred feet square, all open underneath, and a large shaft about forty by twenty feet with brick walls gives air and light. There are several party walls with iron doors, so that the different sections may be isolated in case of fire. The upper floors are separated by walls into so many different buildings, and they could be turned into dwelling houses, as their outside appearance indicates.

The weather causes the length of time for "proving" to vary from four to six hours. At the end of this time the dough is taken out in small quantities and transferred to tables, where thirty or forty kneaders make it up into loaves of the proper shape. Then it is placed in shallow pans and stands a short time for further "proving" in high wooden crates with shelves, each crate holding forty or fifty pans.

There are forty ovens around the building, under the sidewalk. Each one is about twelve feet square and one foot or eighteen inches high. In each oven can be baked from forty to a hundred loaves. Some can hold nearly three hundred of the smaller kinds. This part of the work is done by hand. In fact machinery is just beginning to be used in the business. One of the large mixers in the establishment visited came from Cannstatt, in Germany. The others were of Canadian make. None are yet made in the United States.

Another machine for what is called "patented bread" was seen in operation. The dough, after proving, was put into a hopper and passed through large rollers, which made it into a flat mass, as if for pie-crust, but considerably thicker. Then it passed under a stamper, which cut it out in squares about ten inches by five. When running full speed and fed with fresh dough all the time, about forty loaves a minute can be cut by the machine. Then the square pieces are taken and rolled round, the edges touching and forming the bottom of the loaf. They are next put in pans, and proved the same as the other loaves all made by hand. The ovens are fired up every day about 5 o'clock and kept going about twelve or thirteen hours, the process of baking being continuously kept up during the whole time.

After the baking the bread is taken into the large room in the centre of the building, put in the little carts on wheels already described and hoisted by means of elevators to the delivery room above. There were three steam elevators and six hand elevators for use in case the machinery gave way. They take up none of the working room, having no railings or supports, and when not in use each one being level with and forming part of the floor.

The main delivery room was sixty-seven feet by 100, though the whole floor is used for details of the delivery. Long lines of carts stood ready for the morning work, several of them on a large raised platform, where they were being washed.

The work never stops, Sundays or holidays, night or day. Some part of the business is always being done. The yeast room is like a small brewery. The busiest time is at 4 o'clock in the morning, when the full force of men are at work. The drivers are all in with their carts ready for the morning loads and the bakers have not yet left.

More bread is sold in summer than in winter, but the actual amount eaten is less. The reason is that more is wasted in summer. The hot weather causes the bread to get stale quicker.

CHINESE TRADES UNIONS.

Prices Prevailing Among Chinese Workmen in America.

Gong Han, the president of the Chinese Laundrymen's Union of the United States, has been giving a New York correspondent of the Chicago *Herald* some information about trades unions among the Chinese. He says:

"The working classes of the United States—in fact, the entire American public—have not yet learned that the Chinese are better trades unionists than they are, and that the Mongolion workman receives better wages than his civilized colleague. This statement may seem strange, yet it is the truth. In a body that corresponds to the New York chamber of commerce we keep labor statistics in regard to almost every industry in which our race is interested. On account of the anti-Chinese agitation we have compiled similar figures in regard to American industries. In nearly every instance the Chinese obtain larger wages. Beside this, Chinese employers usually give board and lodging to their employes as well as wages. Let us compare notes. In the grocery trade Americans (and they are chiefly Germans) pay from $4 to $15 a week. Their clerks average $6.00 a week. Chinese grocers pay from $6 to $22 a week and one per cent. commission on all goods sold by the clerk. Their clerks average $12.50 a week. In the Troy laundries the Irish washerwoman receive from $5 to $9 a week and average $6. The ironers get a little more, but average only $6.50. Neither washers nor ironers receive board nor lodging. In the Chinese laundries washers receive from $5 to $12 a week, and average $9; ironers from $10 to $21, and average $13.50. Both receive in addition their board and lodging.

"As to barbers, the Americans have the Italian shops, where a shave costs five cents, the ordinary shop at ten, the nice ones at fifteen, and a few at twenty. Journeyman's wages run from $4 a week, which is paid to the Italians, to $18, which is paid to first-class men. They average $11 a week. In the Chinese quarter a shave costs twenty-five cents, with what you might call a shampoo, fifty, and with shampoo and massage, $1. An oriental employer can, therefore, easily afford to pay the average wages of $16 a week.

"With apothecaries the contrast is far greater, and in this respect we orientals can justly style you barbarians. A profession which involves your health and life ought certainly to pay high salaries to its clerks, who are educated and trained men. Yet the salaries run from $8 up, and seldom if ever exceed $20, and average the miserable sum of $9 a week. A Chinese drug clerk receives a similar education and training, but his salary averages $20 a week, not to speak of his commissions.

Good native cooks may be obtained in the intelligence offices of the great cities at from $10 to $40 a month. They average, I am told, $15 a month. Our cooks run from $30 to $80, and average $45.

"In mere manual labor many poor Chinese have worked for a small compensation, but never so small as what is paid to Italian 'navvies' in New York, Hungarian coal miners, and Slavonian farm hands. Even when my countrymen do accept employment on such terms it is merely to save up a little money and then enter some other industry. Our cigarmakers work at the same rates as first-class Havanna hands. They are employed in the great factories in Malden lane and the Bowery. Not a Chinamar can be found who will work under the tenement house system now followed in the large cities by thousands of pauper Europeans.

"So much for wages. In regard to trades unions we have a number of complicated systems. One is what we term the family system. The half-billion population of the middle kingdom are divided into a few hundred families. These are indicated by the first or family name. Of this such names as Wong, Lee, Yung, Lum, and Moy, are fair examples. A Wong who is in trouble goes to another Wong, whom he may never have seen or heard of, and obtains aid. The thing done may be the loan of money, the giving of a meal, the obtaining of employment, intercession in law, or the like. It represents an honorable obligation, which at some time the person obligated is bound to repay. In this way I have known a poor man to travel from Che-Li in the north of China to New York city. Each trade is locally organized with us as with Americans. Our organizations go further, however, and possess features that in this country characterize masonic bodies. A member who falls sick is nursed by his fellow members, is provided with medicine, diet, and physician by the union, and when destitute through a lengthy sickness is even supplied with food, raiment, and even funds. I question if a trades union in Europe or America does the same. Beyond all this there is with us a distinct recognition of the idea of duty. An oriental employer is morally bound to look after the welfare—physical, pecuniary and spiritual—of his employes. He should admonish them when they go in wrong courses; teach them how to use money and accumulate wealth; see that they are neat, clean, and careful in person and dress. He, in short, stands in the position of a father. A similar relation is borne by a senior to a junior in a family union and by the officers of a trades union to its members. Beyond family and trades unions are other great organizations for men who, belonging to different trades or callings have similar tastes, desires, or needs. One of these is quasi-political, and is probably the largest society in the world. The strength and activity of these organizations was shown in the Tai-Ping rebellion, when, without telegraph, and practically no mail service, thousands of men revolted in a few days and the emperor was compelled to call in Chinese Gordon and 1,000 European soldiers to crush the insurrection. When Americans understand and know our people and customs this anti-Chinese agitation will die out altogether."

The innocence of the intention abates nothing of the mischief of the example.

The plant of happiness cannot thrive without the air of cheerfulness.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt.

Never contract a friendship with a man that is not better than thyself.

We ought to attempt no more than what is in the compass of our genius, and according to our vein.

A friendship that makes the least noise is very often the most useful; for which reason we should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.

To know the pains of power we must go to those who have it; to know the pleasures we must go to those who are seeking it; the pains of power are real, its pleasures imaginary.

He that does good to another man does also good to himself; not only in the consequence, but in the very act of doing it: for the conscience of well-doing is an ample reward.

Deep feeling is contagious. Words poured forth from burning hearts are sure to kindle the hearts of others. Hearts that can stand everything else are often melted by a tear.

Our great thoughts, or great affections, the truths of our life, never leave us. Surely they cannot separate from our consciousness, shall follow it whithersoever that shall go, and are of their nature divine and immortal.

The very events in your lives which seemed at the time most trying, most vexing, most disastrous, have been those which were most necessary for you, to call out what was good in you, and to purge out what was bad.

Life in Labrador.

Summer is the Labradorian's harvest time. His hunting grounds are the seas about his own coast and the shores of Anticosti. This island, enveloped by fogs, encircled by sunken rocks, swept by hurricanes, and surrounded by furious currents, is the horror of all mariners. Within the last ten years, one hundred and three ships and three thousand lives have been lost on its treacherous shores. A few years ago some Canadians made an attempt to settle on it, intending to make fortunes in fishing and hunting. One was to be a sort of king, with bears and gulls for his subjects. But the scheme fell through, and the bears are still sole lords of the island. During the nine months of winter the Labradorian is idle. In his rough board hovel perched on a rocky ledge, with hurricanes howling around it, rocking it to its foundations, and the trampling surf thundering on the rocks below, he spends his dreary days. Sometimes, weather permitting, he and his friends have social gatherings—collect at one another's houses, and there, steaming and jovial, pass the evening in rude revelry, which usually degenerates into a general fight. Then pandemonium reigns; the infuriated partisans swear and shout; the dogs penned in a narrow space between the floor and the ground, engage in deadly battles; the tide of war causes the floor to heave like the waves of the sea. These dogs are a prominent feature of Labrador life. They are the only means the Labradorians have of traveling great distances, for in the three thousand miles of Labrador coast there is not one mile of made road, and many of the inhabitants have never seen a horse, and would flee from one as a devil. Sled-dogs sometimes make from ninety to one hundred miles a day, but sledding has its disadvantages—the quarrelsome temper of the dog is known. When two teams meet, the twelve dogs, by common consent, dash at each other, regardless of the whips of the men and the shrieks of the women, and engage in a fierce struggle. Sometimes they can be separated; but when two dogs meet who have a long-cherished grudge against each other they fight till one or both lie dead on the snow. Sledding in Labrador is an exciting method of locomotion.

With June comes the breaking up of the ice; the air is filled with sudden reports caused by the bursting of icebergs, the fisherman hauls out his net and launches his boat, and from the bastions of the cliff the veterans watch the horizon for the first schools of mackerel. Thus the brief summer begins, and for three months all is life and bustle; but with September comes winter, and all Labrador relapses into nine months of dreary inactivity.—*Argonaut.*

Importance of Bee Culture.

Professor A. J. Cook, of Michigan, says plants pour out their nectar as a sort of free coffee or lunch to attract bees and other insects to the most important work in vegetable economy, the work of fertilization, which largely depends upon insects, and without which full fruitage is impossible. The simple work of gathering nectar then is indirectly of great economic importance. This nectar, which the bees convert into honey, would be wholly lost without them. Only the honey-bees are abundant early in the season, and they alone save this valuable food element for man's good. The activity of bees is wonderful. By actual observation single flowers are sometimes visited by bees fifty times a day, and bees have been seen to visit over twenty flowers a minute. L. C. Root, of Mohawk, N. Y., extracted 4,103 pounds of honey on July 23, collected from basswood, which had all been gathered by forty colonies of bees in just seven days. This is over 100 pounds per colony, and the daily stores of each colony exceeded fourteen pounds. During the same time there was secured at the Michigan college nearly half as much beautiful comb honey from single colonies. An excellent Michigan farmer who has kept bees six or seven years, and who for the last three years has had from sixty to eighty colonies, reports the cash receipts from these bees during each of the last three years to exceed those of the entire balance of his farm.—*Cultivator.*

A Much Disgusted Dog.

A ludicrous incident occurred at a rabbit hunt near Hoboken, N. J. The hound started the "cottontail" in a piece of short brush on a side hill. The hunter could witness the race at a great distance, and soon saw the rabbit making a circle. As he appeared emerging from the brush he was seen to stop suddenly. On rushed the hound, and as he lowered his head to seize the little animal the rabbit gave a spring to one side, and the dog doubled up like a ball. While he was letting himself out the rabbit was making time on the back track. The hound was soon in full pursuit again, but the rabbit led the dog to where two saplings grew close together from an old root. He then stopped before and waited until the dog was almost upon him, when he leaped between the two saplings, while the dog attempted to follow. But there was barely room for the rabbit, and the hound was caught in the crotch and badly injured. The rabbit turned and looked at his enemy a minute and was soon lost in the thicket. The dog started immediately for home and no amount of coaxing could induce him to continue the hunt.—*New York Times.*

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Masses of deep-sea coral, many tons in weight, which were torn from their ocean bed by the volcanic explosion in Sunda Straits two years ago, may now be seen two or three miles inland, whither they were borne by the tidal wave.

The water in the gulf of Bothnia is reported to be falling quite rapidly. One proof of this is the fact that a large stone on the Swedish coast now rises three feet above water at mean tide while fifty years ago it was barely visible at lowest tide.

Some experiments in London recently showed that the native English fishes are unable to survive in water heated much, if any, in excess of 80 degrees, yet in the low country of India and Burmah streams are filled with fish where the water becomes from ten to fifteen degrees hotter than this every noonday.

In a new French apparatus the heat of the sun falling upon metallic plates tightly covering a thin layer of a volatile liquid, like ammonia, is combined with the natural coolness of water to generate power for pumping. With plates having a surface of forty square yards such an apparatus would hourly raise 792 gallons of water sixty-five feet in warm climates, and at Auteuil raises over 300 gallons per hour.

Ciro Ferrari and Von Bezold have observed that very extensive thunderstorms are often attended at their rear by small but well-marked depressions, and that the anterior margin of a thunderstorm form the boundary between a region of high pressure and one of low pressure. In the country visited by the storm the rain districts assume the form of eclipses whose major axes are almost parallel to the direction of the storm. Hail forms long, narrow bands coinciding in direction with that of the prevalent wind.

Regarding typhoons the government astronomer of Hong Kong states that the signs of these phenomena in the China seas are clouds of the cirrus type, looking like fine hair, feathers, or small white tufts of wool traveling from east to north, a slight rise in the barometer, clear and dry, but hot weather, and light winds. These portents are followed by a falling barometer, while the temperature rises still further. The air becomes oppressive from increasing dampness, and the sky presents a vaporous and threatening appearance.

Draining Ponds for Carp.

The carp culture in the highlands of central France is a form of industry which merits a good deal more attention and imitation than it has hitherto obtained. On that high plateau there are ponds of all sizes, many of them large enough to be dignified by the more grandiloquent name of lakes, but to the country people they are one and all "etangs" and nothing more. These ponds are one of the chief sources of wealth of the country, which is mostly but poor soil for cultivation, as a great part of it has recently been reclaimed from moorland and heather. These ponds are stocked with carp, and once every three years a great fishing takes place. All the able-bodied men of the country-side are engaged for a certain day in October to meet at one of the ponds; that on the highest level being taken first. The sluices of the pond are opened three days previously, and the water allowed to run gradually off, leaving the bed of deep mud which seems to be one of the necessaries of carp existence. When there is only a thin rill of water left trickling down the centre of the erstwhile pond, the fishing begins. On all sides the carp lie floundering, panting, gasping on the expanse of mud; in some places the fish are two or three deep on top of one another. The number of carp in these ponds is something quite extraordinary; they do not seem to suffer individually from their great numbers, for the fish are remarkably fine and heavy. The men wade through the mud, catching the carp by the gills, and flinging them on the bank. There they are weighed by men who have come with carts from the nearest town to buy the fish, and after the weighing the carp are packed among straw in the carts as tightly as possible. When the carts are full they return to the town, and the carp are then placed in tanks. A carp takes a good deal of killing, and, though being tightly packed in straw for a whole day and jolted down hill for perhaps four hours, may strike him as a novel experience, it does not do him the very least harm; and as soon as he is released from durance vile and placed in the tanks, he resumes the even tenor of his way.—*Saturday Review.*

Dome of the Washington Capitol.

I heard the other day some curious facts about the dome of the capitol at Washington. It is said that there was a statue of ancient Egypt called Memnon, which whispered sweet words of melody to the sun as he appeared above the horizon, and sang him to sleep every night with weird lullabies. The grand, haughty Goddess of Liberty on top of the dome has a heart of bronze, but a good heart for all that, and one filled with true old Virginia courtesy. She has not yet picked up enough courage to attempt to do the prima donna act, but every morning the good dame courtesies to the sun, and when he sinks in the West she again courtesies, but without turning around. Some time since Architect Clark suspended a plummet line from the interior of the dome, and it was found by actual measurement the lead swung 4½ inches, making a total dip out of the perpendicular of 8½ inches. This is caused by the alternate contraction and expansion of the iron.

A ludicrous mistake which occurred last year may be mentioned in this connection. The coast survey had in charge the surveying of the river front preparatory to locating the line for the reclamation of the Potomac flats. The top of the dome was taken as one point of the surveyor's triangle in estimating certain distances. The calculations thus arrived at were found to sadly differ almost every day, and much swearing and perplexed thinking upon the part of the brilliant engineers were indulged in before the dipping of the dome was brought to mind. After that the top of the Washington monument did unceasing duty as a mathematic guiding star.—*Boston Budget.*

"The Tune the Old Cow Died Of."

In Scotland and the north of Ireland this saying is very common in the mouths of the peasantry, though all who use it may not understand its origin. It arose out of an old song:—

There was an old man, and he had an old cow,
And he had nothing to give her;
So he took out his fiddle and played her a tune—
Consider, good cow, consider;
This is no time of year for the grass to grow,
Consider, good cow, consider!

The old cow died of hunger, and when any grotesquely melancholy song or tune is uttered the north country people say, "That is the tune the old cow died of."—*London Agricultural Gazette.*